The Chemical Formula for Romance

by CaptainOfTheShips1968

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Summary: How, in my mind, a Sherlolly romance would go. I own nothing.

1. A New Experiment

"Molly Hooper," Sherlock drawled, as he swung the door open dramatically.

She looked up at him as he entered the room. "Sherlock." It wasn't surprising, he often entered her lab to use it for experiments.

"Molly" he said again. "Molly, as you know, love is a chemical defect."

"I know you think that," she replied mildly, making sure to avoid any opportunity for her to hurt her. She would not let him walk all over her again.

"I would like to conduct an experiment regarding what is widely known as love."

This took an unexpected turn. Molly was about to reply when he went on.

"I would like to test this love thing against myself and I would like to do this using you and a dinner out at a restaurant."

Molly knew that she shouldn't jump to conclusions. "So you're saying..."

"Molly Hooper, will you help me experiment on love by being the variable to test against me." He doesn't say it as a question.

Molly finally allowed herself to smile. "Is this how Sherlock Holmes

asks people out on dates?"

"You could put it like that, yes."

She started to laugh. "Sherlock ''married to his work' Holmes, asking me out? Did you plan this? Did you stress over it?" She teased.

He blushed a bit, but smiled. "Stress is unnecessary and I prefer to not omit to it, or admit to it at least, but yes I discussed it with John and contemplated it deeply." He paused. "So is that a yes?"

She giggled. "It's a yes." She pranced over to him and kissed him lightly on he cheek. "I have to go home, meeting my mom at dinner tonight." She swung the door open and left the room.

Once she was gone, Sherlock raised his hand to his left cheek that she had kissed, keeping his hand there for longer than he would ever admit. He, who laughed in the face of Criminal Masterminds an danced with serial killers. The high functioning sociopath stood there, completely shocked and overjoyed, but too vexed by the whole affair to show it, stood in the middle of the morgue, with his hand to his cheek, dreaming about the woman he was almost positive he loved and how they were going out to dinner.

   2. A Unique Evening Out

div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock stepped out of the cab, straightening his tie. He took a deep breath. Was he to wait outside for her? Or should he go inside? He stood there awkwardly. /div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"It was then that she arrived. She looked beautiful. She didn't look as she did that night at Christmas, covered in makeup and hardly at all like herself. No, she looked like Molly. His pathologist. She was wearing a simple dress. It was a deep green color, with thick straps and a rounded neckline. The slightly below knee length skirt was flowing a bit, but not over done. Underneath, she wore a pair of tights and Mary Jane like shoes. Her hair was down, straight, simple. She had a black coat on over the ensemble. She was awkwardly dressed. The style was a bit too young for her. But it was Molly and it was beautiful.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""You look," Sherlock started, not sure what to say.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Molly smiled at him. "You're not too hideous yourself, Holmes."div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"He held out his arm for her to take, which he did, and they entered the restaurant. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Do you have a reservation?" The hostess asked. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Yes, for Sherlock Holmes?" Sherlock replied.div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Of course, right this was, sir." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"They were led to a pretty table for two. It had a nice view out the window, overlooking the street. There was a single candle between them. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock pulled out one of the chairs, and Molly walked to the other one to sit down. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""No this one was for you," Sherlock told her, "That is what you do, isn't it?"div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""That is the gentlemanly thing to do, yes," Molly replied, taking the seat.div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Good," he smiled a genuine smile. It was a rare and beautiful sight. She had only gotten them a few times, he generally just bared his teeth out of malice. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"A waiter came up to their table, handing them menus. "Anything to drink? A bottle of wine perhaps?" div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Yes," Sherlock replied, "um, wine." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"The waiter looked at him, expecting more of an answer. "What kind?"div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Um..." Sherlock stuttered.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""We'll have your personal recommendation," Molly cut in.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Okay, well that is a-" the waiter continued. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Great," she interrupted. "Sounds amazing. Bye." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock smirked at her. "That was good. Impressive." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Talking to a waiter?"div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Well, yes," he replied. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Oh, um yes it can be difficult," to be perfectly honest, Molly found talking to waiters to be exceptionally easy, though she didn't want to make

Sherlock feel bad. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""So, how was... Work? Today, um, your job." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Oh, it was a normal day, just, you know, autopsies," she said.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""What we're the causes of the deaths? Any interesting ones?" He asked eagerly. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Yes, actually, there was one that appeared to be a murder." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock straightened up. "Really? Tell me about it."div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"So Molly launched into an in depth gory and disturbing description of the body, pausing only to order, though they both gave the waiter dirty looks when he interrupted. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""So it was a bullet wound?" Sherlock asked. "And it couldn't be a suicide?" div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Um, no, actually," Molly replied. "It was in the back, an area that the arm can't physically reach." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock was staring, smiling. "Do you still have the body?" div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Yes, well until tomorrow at seven." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock moved to go to the morgue, then stopped, sitting down again. "It's unimportant. Dinner is what's important. Let's change the subject." div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Conversation shifted to more domestic topics, such as food, clothes, other people. The food arrived. Sherlock was bored out of his mind, and Molly thought that the conversation was dragging. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Excuse me, can we get the check?" Molly called out to the waiter.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""What? Are you not enjoying yourself?" Sherlock seemed panicked.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""You're not. I'm not. Dinner is boring. Let's go to the morgue and solve a murder." She replies.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""But tonight was going to be a normal dinner and we were supposed to do what you like," he replied. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Molly smiled. "That's so sweet, Sherlock. However, you're not normal, frankly, I'm not you but I'm not normal. It's overrated." div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock smiled too. The check came, and Molly insisted that they split the bill. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Taxi!" Sherlock called out, once they were outside. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;" div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"At the morgue, Sherlock unzipped the bag with the body. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""It's a clean shot, almost straight to the heart," he said thoughtfully. He turned to Molly. "What are your thoughts, what was the autopsy report?" div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Oh, well, it was decided that he was shot in the back and died within the minute. Kind of impressive. Homicide." div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Well, they're correct. Definitely homicide. Very cleanly. Impressive, I agree." Sherlock looked at the body, then at Molly. "Thank you for the case." He took a few pictures of the body for later reference, and they spent the next hour discussing it. Molly discovered that, when you get past the cruelty, Sherlock could be quite funny when he talked about other people." div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"It was only nine when they finished. "Molly, do you want to leave?" He asked.div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Um..." div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Do you want to go back to my apartment?" div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Yes." div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Sherlock smiled. He had been hoping to stretch out the evening. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;" div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"Back at 221B, Molly turned on the TV. They flipped through the channels, and settled on a cheesy sitcom. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Molly," Sherlock said to her, "Do you want to help me chase down the killer?" He asked her, both of them ignoring the television. div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody;

font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Yes," she replied excitedly.div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;""Perfect." div

>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"They spent an actually pleasant evening chatting. None of Sherlock's expectations and anxiety held him back, and the situation made Molly more comfortable. They ended up ordering pizza instead of a fancy meal. div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;" div
>div style="color: #454545; font-family: UICTFontTextStyleBody; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: -webkit-letterpress;"It was close to midnight (they had lost track of time) when Molly fell asleep on Sherlock's shoulder. Sherlock smiled at her. He carried her into John's old bedroom and laid her down, planting a kiss on her forehead before rushing off to leave her peacefully sleeping. div

3. I think I love you

"Sherlock," she greeted, smiling warmly, he had been coming more and more in the last month since they had become something of a couple. They had been on two more odd dates, one was dinner with a crime scene, and the second had been coffee with an escaped criminal who turned out to be innocent. Despite the oddness, they were the best dates Molly had ever been on. She was more and more realizing that Sherlock appreciated her for her award, quirky self, and she for his snarky yet reserved self. They made a good pair.

"Molly," he said.

"I'm done with the lab, and I have some interesting parts of you, if you came for that," she told him.

"I didn't exactly come for that, but I would now like to take a look that you've mentioned it," he replied.

"What did you come for?" She asked him, now approaching him and standing at a regular talking distance.

"Remember when you helped me fake my death?"

"How could I forget?"

"Well, as you know, I stayed at your flat for a week before moving on."

"Yes, you did," she replied slowly.

"Well, I recall you saying that you loved your cat," he said.

"I did say that. I did love my cat," she replied.

"And then at our coffee, you mentioned his death," he continued.

"Unfortunately, yes," she said, now biting her lip sadly.

"I would like to take you to my flat. Now."

"Um, I have to clean up a few things, but I could go now, yes," she replied, taken aback.

"Good. John said that women like this sort of thing," he replied.

"What sort of thing?"

"And that they find it romantic."

"Romantic?"

"Yes. Shall we?"

Molly slipped off the lab coat to reveal jeans and a purple jumper. He took her arm and left with her.

They arrived at Sherlock's flat, and he lead her into Mrs Hudson's kitchen.

"Oh, you're here, sweetie," Molly had met Mrs Hudson a few times and they had gotten along incredibly well.

"Hello Mrs Hudson," she replied.

"Well, here they are," Mrs Hudson brought out two of the most adorable, possibly day old kittens in a basket.

Molly visibly gasped. "They are just the sweetest!" One was unusually scrawny and white with black markings with short fur, and the other was black with a white belly and paws. "How..."

"Oh you didn't tell her?"

"Mrs Hudson found them on the side of the road,"Sherlock informed her, "and when she brought them home telling me she was giving them away, I knew that they would be perfect in your care."

Molly was now holding them both in her arms, speaking in a baby talk that Sherlock did not understand.

"Do you like them?"

Molly laughed. "Do I? They are the most adorable things ever!" She looked up at him. "That's a yes."

"Do they have names yet dear?" Mrs Hudson asked.

"They're female?"

"Yes, both."

"Patsy," she held up the black one, "and Lily" she held up the white one. "Oh Sherlock," she reached up and kissed him on the mouth.

At first Sherlock was shocked, didn't know what to do, then he leaned into the kiss, kissing back.

"I think I love you."

End
file.